Dear mother the battle is over

Song AND Chorus

BY

HENRY FONTRILL.

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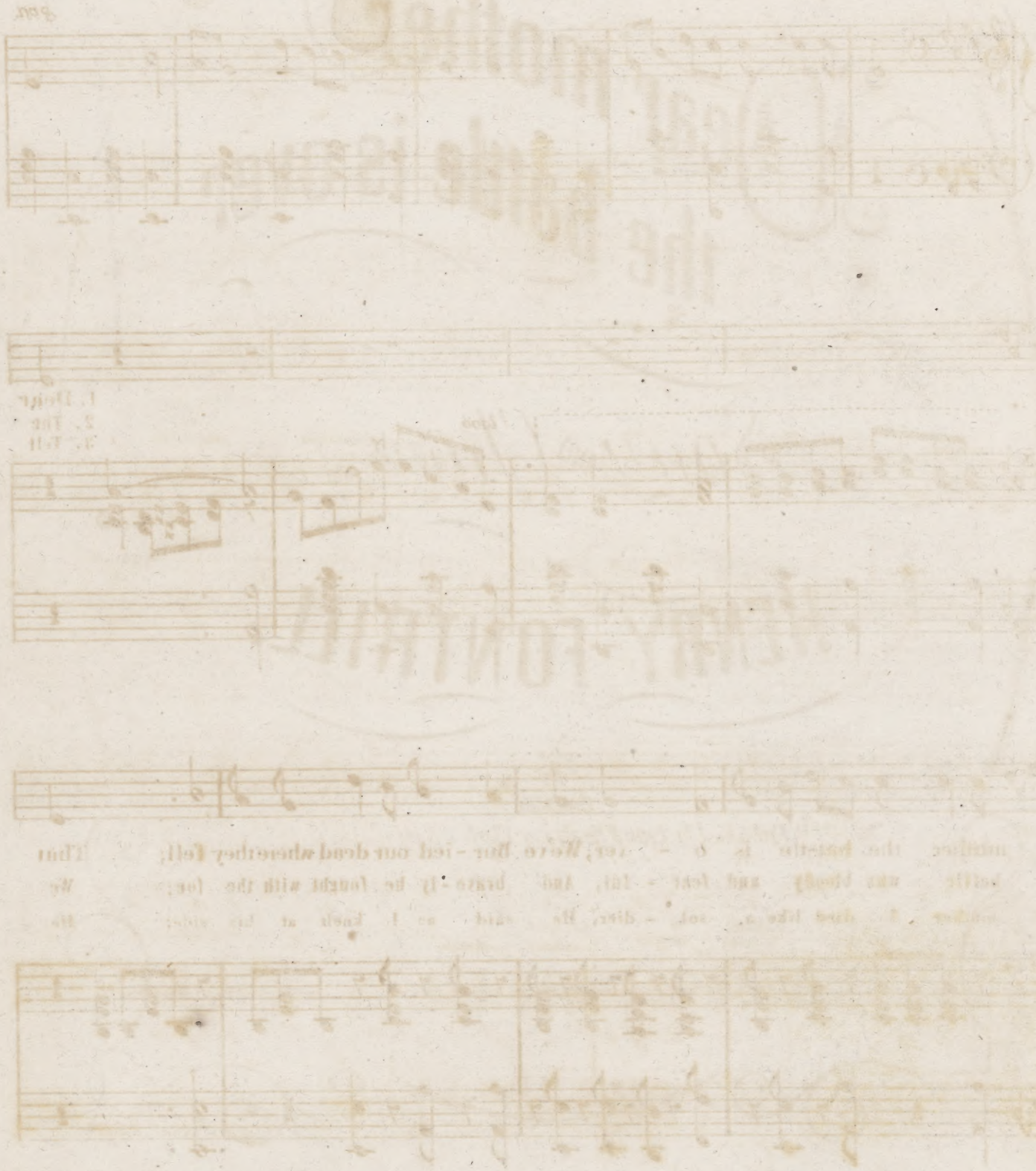
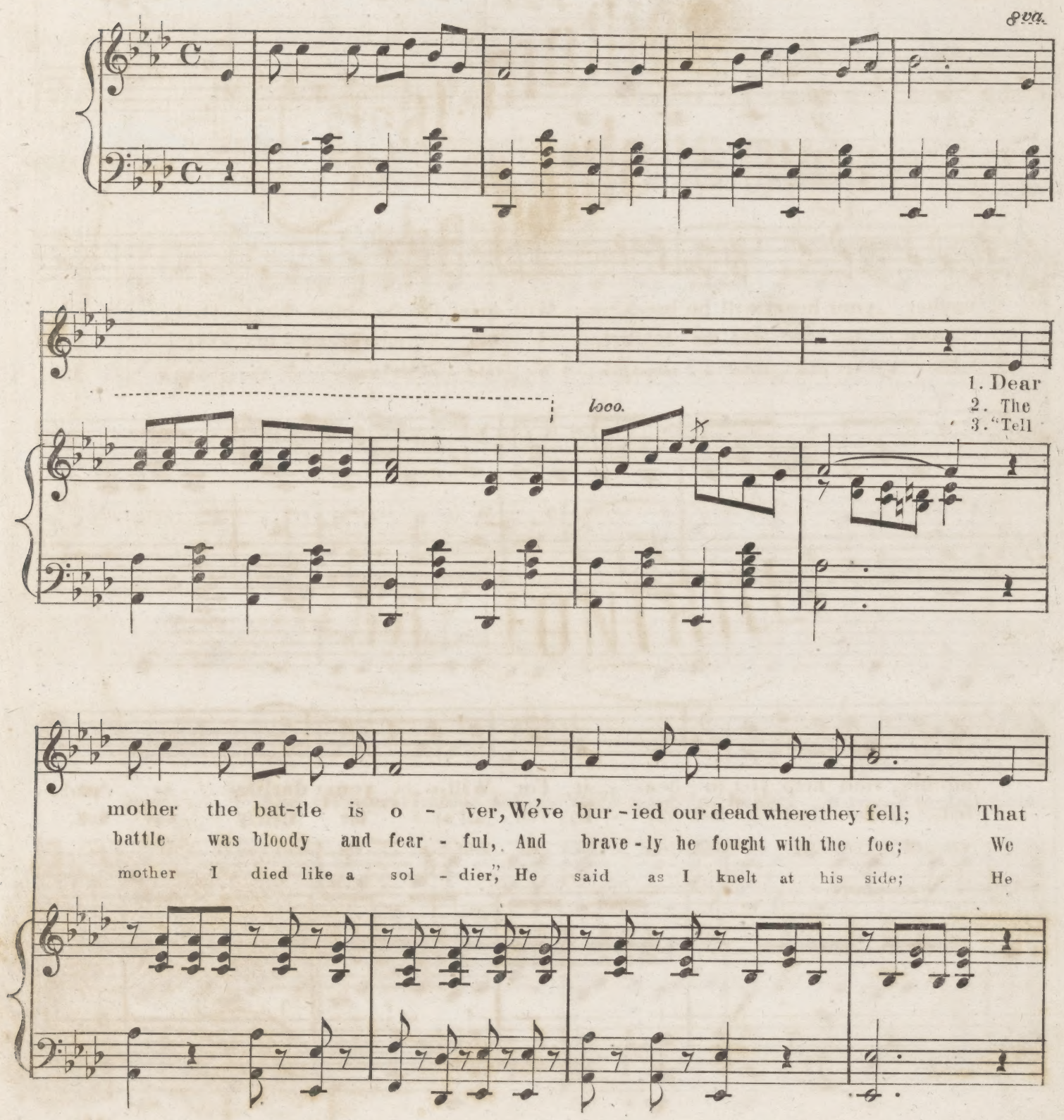


DEAR MOTHER THE BATTLE IS OVER.

HENRY FONTRILL.



hardest of du - ties is fin - ish'd, And now I've a sad tale to tell. Dear
drove them like dust from our path - way, But ma - ny a brave boy lies low; Where
op - end his eyes for a mo - ment, Then press - ing my hand smil'd and died! And

mother your heart will be breaking, With grief for the spirit that's fled, Oh,
fiercest the strife and the conflict, I saw him press gallant - ly on; He
there with his com - rades a - round him, We fold - ed his hands on his breast, And

mother, God help you to bear it, For Willie your darling is dead.
fell as we fired the last vol - ley, Fell just when the victory was won.
wrapped in the flag he de - fend - ed We laid him for - ev - er at rest.

CHORUS.

Air.

He will no more hear the sound of battle, For he's singing with the an-gels

Alto.

Tenor.

He will no more hear the sound of battle, For he's singing with the an-gels

Bass.

now, And flowers immor-tal are twi-ning, In beauty a-round his fair brow.

now, And flowers immor-tal are twi-ning, In beauty a-round his fair brow.